THEODORIC THE GOTH.

A GREAT BARBARIAN.

THEODORIC THE GOTH; The Barbarian Champion of Civilization. By Thomas Hodgkin, D. C. L. 12mo, pp. 442. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The history of Theodoric the Goth, or, to speak more precisely, the Ostrogoth, is one of the most interesting of those strange episodes which belong to the decline of the Roman Empire. How strong a hold the individuality of this ruler took upon the world of his time may be partly estimated by the prolongation of his memory into the sagaperiod, which filled the Middle Ages with legend, and his transformation into one of those semisupernatural heroes whose almost wholly mythical adventures compose the cycles of the Amelung and the Nibelungen legends. To moderns the chief interest that attaches to his name consists in his marked superiority to his contemporaries. That was in advance of his age is sufficiently shown in the relapse of his people into barbarism the moment his hand was withdrawn from the helm. He could not found an enduring dynasty because neither the internal nor the external conditions were favorable to it. His example proved evanescent because barbarism was still in the ascendant. That he should have succeeded in maintaining for full thirty years a rule over all Italy which for equity, mildness, wisdom and magnaminity finds no parallel in his days, proves, however, how really great a sovereign he was.

Descended from a long line of barbarian princes, he did not, in spite of peculiar opportunities for the acquisition of learning, ever obtain even the comparatively rude education of the period. Eleven years of his youth were passed at the Byzantine Court, but he never so much as learned to read and write, and it is reported that in his maturity, when he was ruler of half the Empire and King of Italy, he could only sign his name by using a stencilplate. But the qualities which made him what he was were independent of literary gifts or attainments, and if his eminence was slow of growth, it matured splendidly. There was little in his early surroundings from which he could derive inspiration. The waves of barbarism which in the fifth century were dashing, first against the outermost tributaries and neighbors of Rome and then against the Empire itself, were guided by no montive but greed, restlessness and the animal propensity to destructiveness. He, almost alone, perceived that the true policy for the enfranchised barbarians was to utilize Roman civilization, and instead of breaking down the Empire. sustain and invigorate it. It was doubtless during his sojourn at Constantinople that he acquired his admiration for the rule of law in the State; for that "civilitas" which, in after years, he was to base his sovereignty upon. His young manhood, however, gave no promise of his Tuture. After leaving Constantinople and its luxury and splendor, he seems to have reverted to the barbarism of his race and time. For fourteen years he led his Ostrogoths in a series of virtually aimless raids. In that age all the Gothic peoples lived in a chronic state of migration. Their kings, chosen by the folk-most or folk-thing, held their office on condition of satisfying the constant yearning of the fighting men for plunder and battle Agriculture was distasteful to them, and war and conquest must consequently be relied upon for subsistence and for such luxury as satisfied them.

and expeditions were really National migrations. The army was accompanied by all the non-combatants, women, children and old men, and with all the possessions of the tribes or congeries of tribes. The old Roman Legions would have made short work of such unwieldy masses; but the old Roman Legions had ceased to exist, and were already replaced by motley assemblages of barbarians of many nationalities. It was not until Theodoric had practically conquered his molety of the Empire, and held sway at Ravenna, that he developed the policy of his life. Then he began to show an unappreciative world how States should be governed. From the first be was handicapped in the important article of religion for he, his home and his people, were Arians, and Arianism was the losing cause. It is impossible to draw any ethical distinction between Arians and Catholics in the fifth century, for though, as Dr. Hodgkin asserts, religion was then national, upon the average ruler. Christianity in those days seldom hindered resort to the most flagitious methods of supporting dynastic ambitions in particular, and Frank and Goth were alike in their employment of assassination, treachery, fraud, cruelty and mendacity for the furtherance of their purposes. One might speculate curiously as to what would have happened to the Ostrogothic kingdom had Theodoric been a Catholic instead of an Arian. Perhaps the general results would have been much the same in any case, for the external foes of the kingdom would surely not have been hindered in executing their purposes by so slight a barrier as identity of religion.

They moved, as a rule, in mass. Their forays

As it was, Theodoric's faith gave a convenient handle to the enemies of his successors, but the weakness and unwisdom of those successors prepared the way for calamity. During the thaty years of his own reign, however, he gave Italy a breathing-space such as she had not known for generations; such as she was not to know again for centuries. The agencies employed by this barbarian ruler were of a character unknown to his age, and but little practised even by civilized sovereigns during the next thousand years. Herein lies the marvel of his reign. For he did justice; be gave protection to all the people, Goths and Romans alike: he refrained (until near the end f his life) from persecuting the Catholics; he Estrained and when needful punished the predatory instincts of his high officers; he heard complaints and redressed wrongs; he made Italy safe and peaceful and presperous. Somewhat, more-over, he effected toward the encouragement of art and architecture. It was too early for science, as the unhappy Boethius was to discover; but law and order Theodoric did introduce and maintain. Little definite would be known concerning the internal governance of the West during this period but for the preservation of those remarkable letters of Cassiodorus, which Dr. Hodgkin has translated and published in another volume. He gives some examples of them here, and pever did a correspondence better deserve quotation. Cassiodorus occupied a position closely akin to that of the modern Secretary of State. He wrote all or most of Theodoric's state papers. Some of these exhibit considerable ability, but the distinguishing characteristic of the Secretary was a self-conceit so colossal, so ingenuous and un abashed, that the state of mind which could have accepted its manifestations with entire composure is simply incomprehensible.

young prince, this original Secretary addresses long letter to his pupil, apparently with no other object but that of impressing upon the youth the extent of his felicity in being instructed by so illustrious and distinguished a personage. He re counts his own virtues with elaboration and withholds from himself no tribute of praise. He has risen, he declares, solely by his own merit, and this transcendent desert is everywhere recognized as entitling him to the highest positions and the greatest confidence. Withal Cassiodorus was a man of more than common ability, and if most of his contemporaries appear to have taken him at his own valuation, there was at least some ground for his superlative vanity. He was a rhetorician of the first rank (judged, of course, by what was a very low stand(4d) and a statesman of some He served Theodoric faithfully and well, and no doubt his pompous style and resonant periods procured the Court of Ravenna some additional respect with outer barbarians to whom his rescripts were issued. The failure of the male line during the King's lifetime was a heavy blow to him. He knew what it meant to leave the succession in the hands of a child and a woman, but there was no help for it. In his last years this and other troubles worried away his good temper, and he committed some cruelties, notably in the killing of the philosopher Boethius. It well, and no doubt his pompous style and resonant

Having been appointed guardian and tutor to

ample ground for the anger of Theodoric. thius, and according to his admission, many other Roman Senators, had corresponded with the Byzantine Government in what could only be regarded by Theodoric as a treasonable manner. He was within his rights in punishing such conduct, and while clemency would have been more creditable to him, and more in harmony with his post rule, than severity, he can hardly be accused of

a wanton outrage in doing as he did.

Dr. Hodgkin suggests the possibility that toward the end of his life, the mind of Theodoric failed. He also appears to think that the symptoms of the King's fatal illness may indicate arsenical poisoning. The fact that none of his contemporaries, whether friendly or hostile, refers to any such suspicion, may be thought conclusive on this point, for it was a time when poison was not infrequently used, and it was also a time when the least mention of that or any other crime insured its publication. The rational presumption seems to be that Theodoric died a natural death, and probably he died only just in time to avoid seeing the be ginning of the end of all he had lived and worked to establish. Dr. Hougkin might have closed his record here, but he has earned the thanks of his readers by continuing the history down to the extinction of the Ostrogothio Empire. That Empire did not expire with the misfortunes which so swiftly followed the disappearance of Theodoric. For a time it looked as though Justinian and that quaint and semi-archaic style and language in the Belisarius between them would regain the whole, or negrly the whole, of the Roman Empire. But after a period of successes for Justinian's great soldier, he was recalled to take charge of the Persian war, and with his departure the Ostrogoths at once began to recover courage, and, finding in Toteta a commander of true genius, they forthwith took the field and the Imperialist forces were driven before them.

There have been great and strange vicissitudes in the history of the Eternal City, but perhaps none more singular than the one which, about this period, left Rome absolutely uninhabited for months. The glory of the great city had indeed previously departed. The population at one time is said to have been reduced to 500 souls. But when Totela took Rome, and forewent his first determination to raze the proud Capital to the ground, he swore that he would at least convert it into a wilderness, and he kept his word. It is difficult to conceive of Rome in the condition indicated by the statement that it was thought useless to besiege the city, because enough grain for the needs of the population could be raised within the walls. As Dr. Hodgkin happily puts it, this is as if the population of modern London had been so reduced that it could subsist upon the harvests raised in Hyde Park and St. James's Park. But what is even this to the fact that no single living soul was left on the Seven Hills? That the palaces on the Palatine, the noble promenades, the courses, the Flavian Amphitheatre the Forum, all the resorts of historic Rome, were for months absolutely empty. Described temples indeed the Rome of the fifth century had learned to gaze upon with indifference, for the advent of Christianity had brought that change. But Totela left not even a solitary citizen to mark the silent streets. It is true that this action of the young commander proved a strategie blunder, which the ever-vigilant Belisarius promptly availed himself of. Finding Rome abandoned by its captor, he swiftly and secretly threw into it a thousand soldiers, and set them to repair the breaches in the walls which Totela had made. When the Goth discovered what was going on, it was too The walls had been repaired sufficiently to defy capture by assault, and the bones of 150,000 Goths, laid before the city in a former siege by the deadly sir of the Campagna, forbade another attempt of the kind. Totela withdrew, baffled, and Belisarius was able to lay the keys of Rome at the feet of Justinian.

The untimely death of Totela at the hands of a Gepid adversary removed the chief hope of the Ostrogoths, and the current turned at once and set once more against their arms. The war indeed did not come to a sudden end, for the Ostrogotha had not lost their virility in thirty years of peace, like their kinsmen, the Visigoths, and they fought with characteristic tenacity. But they could not, save when very ably led, contend long against the mounted archers who were the mainstay of the not individual, it had very little influence upon Imperialists. Dr. Hodgkin likens these horsemen to favor her side of the story. This is one of the inrather to have represented a preponderance in artillery and in skill in the use of it. The Goths had only foot-archers, who could not move without infantry support. The mounted archers could advance to the front and pour volleys into the ranks of the men-at-arms, who bore only spears and swords, and these, from the nature of their weapons, were unable to retaliate. It was a renewal of the old strife between formations and weapons; between legion and phalanx, gladius and sarissa; and the most effective instrumentality again conquered. The disruption of Theodorie's kingdom was, however, really of small importance The calamity consisted in the destruction of his civilized methods of government. Could those methods have been perpetuated for another general tion it is quite possible that the Goths, who had already learned to live under them resignedly would have further learned to appreciate them for their inherent advantages. In that event, the Romans themselves, being already heartily in ac cord with Theodorie's "civilitas," the worst of the evils which followed might have been averted. and Theodorie's desire to weld the Barbarian and

Roman powers together might have been fulfilled.

Dr. Hodgkin has enriched his work with final chapter treating of the Saga in which, under the name Dietrich of Bern, Theodoric came to figure some seven hundred years after his death, metamorphosed, indeed, almost beyond recognition. The Teutonic imagination was at its most pro lifle stage when these legends of the Ameluna and the Nibelungen were fashioned. solely as legend, however, the story in full of interest, and it is possible to trace, here and there as Dr. Hodgkin points out, the historical facts which have been made the groundwork of the wildest romance and supernaturalism. In the Saga, Theodoric the Goth becomes the slayer of Criembild, after the awful slaughter of Huns and Nibelungs in Attila's palace-hall. The Criembild at whose guilty head the real Theodorie aimed his enchanted sword was the lawlessness, ernelty and greed which up to and after his time made a charnel-house of Europe, but which for the space of a generation he held at bay. It is needless to expatiate upon the efudition and the literary style of Dr. Hodgkin's interesting book. author of "Italy and her Invaders" has won to high a rank in the literature of the period to be praised as a tyro. In the present instance, moreover, he is treading familiar ground, for the history and deeds of Theodoric are dealt with at governed his work in accord with his limitation of space as to produce a complete and well-proportioned picture. When we consider the paucity and many deficiencies of the authorities available for the fifth century, this signifies a great deal. N more excellent volume has appeared in the "Heroes of the Nations" series, it may finally be said.

FLAXMAN'S GRAVE.

From The Standard, London.

Your readers min't suppose from the letter of your correspondent, Algernon Ashton, that the remains of Flaxman lie in an old churchyard, now in a neglected condition, in consequence of what he describes as the "terribic bayoo" made by the Midland Railway Company—although he says "the immediate surreundings of the Flaxman and Denman family vaults, with the next low from railing, writy shouls and beautiful post. nent, low iron railing, pretty shrabs and beautiful flower beds, show that the memorable resting place apart from the tombstones is as well kept as could be

must, however, be said that, even as Dr. Hodgkin puts the case, namely, as sympathetically as possible for the Senator, there appears to have been ample ground for the anger of Theodoric. Boe-

over his grave, but the family peterred the please, simplicity.

The Middand Rullway Company have recently taken, under Parliamentary powers, a portion of the Gardens; but, as some compensation for this, they have provided for an improved frontage to St. Paneras Road, and are paying the cost of the beautiful wrought-iron gates and railings and carefalker's house new being creeded, and which will have the offect of giving much greater prominence to the Gardens.

FICTION WORTH READING.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES.

ST. KATHERINE'S BY THE TOWER. By Walter Besam. Highrated. 12mo, pp. 392. Hamper & Brothers. CULPA A Woman's Last Word. By Henry arland. 12mo, pp. 347. John W. Lovell Co.

THE MAMMON OF UNRIGHTEOUSNESS.
HJalmar Hjorth Boyesen. 12mo, pp. 386.
W. Lovell Co. PORTRAITS OUVEAUX PASTELS (DIX PORTRACES D'HOMMES). Par Paul Bourget. 12mo, pp. 497. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. New-York: F. W. Christern. PASTELS (DIX

Mr. Besant in his new novel has, in part, reverted

those eighteenth century motives with which he has achieved some of his greatest successes. story begins with the fateful year 1793, and though the French Revolution does not directly figure in it, in-directly it affects the events described very materially. The whole history is told by one of the actors in it, and this mode of narration enables the author to employ use of which he is a past master, and to which not a few of his happiest effects are attributable. freshness and originality of the life lived in the old Precinct of Katherine's by the Tower will impres the most "blase" novel-reader. No situation at all resembling this can be recalled. On the one hand, we see the semi-monastic, claustral quietness and decorum of the Precinct; on the other, the chronic turbulence, dissipation and evil ways of the Thames Bank population, half nautical, half criminal, and wholly lawless, made up of stevedores, lumpers, river-thieves, snugglers and mud-larks. In these curious conndings Mr. Besant has placed a story the motive of which is an illustration of that mysterious force which after existing for ages under an infinitude of designations, has come under the systematic observatio of men of science toward the close of the nineteenth century, and has been rehaptized hypnotism. Mr. Besant's heroine is the victim of this mysterious force. She is in fact what we should call to-day hypnotized. She is further brought under the dominant influence of suggestion, with lamentable results to herself and the man she loves. Of course Mr. Besant commits no anachronisms. The teller of the story does not pretend to account for the mystery. He only relates the facts. Others of the characters lean strongly to the theory of witchcraft, while a certain Wise Woman pronounce the misfortune of poor Sylvia to be an example of the Evil Eye. We know now, or think we know, that all these names really denote one and the same agency, the said agency being one or another phase or form of hypnotism. What hypnotism is we as yet do not understand, though some of our men of science in agine that they have got to the bottom of it-and others, equally scientific and equally experienced, have found quite a different explanation for the phenomena In this story, however, while the heroine loses her mind for a time through hypnotic suggestion, the hero, reacted upon by her wofal condition, becomes mad through baffled love. The plot is peculiar, and it is worked out with much skill and tact. As is usual in Mr. Besant's novels, there is much careful and striking portraiture. The unconscious wizard, owner of the evil eye, or hypnotist, is a very fine example of the villain in fiction or reality, we are afraid that his punishment belongs rather to the former than to the latter. The old Wise Woman is another striking individuality, and, in fact, the novel has many characters which promise to live in the The interest is maintained without flagging from beginning to end, and taking it altogether, the story is the best its author has written for several

that of Mr. Besant in one particular. He makes one of the principal actors relate the story. It is one of those domestic tragedles for parallels to which one must go to mediaeval Italy, rather than to modern countries and peoples. The woman who tells it is, by her own frank admission, a murderess. Married against her will to a Russian Prince, who, maddened by her coldness, gradually comes to treat her abordinably, sheit is true, without realizing the full implications of he her lover before she encountered the Prince, to lead the latter into a duel in which he is killed. Of course, the reader (and this the more that he yields to the realism of the narrative) suspects Monica of coloring the facts crime to tell the story of that crime, and therefore the arrangement is necessarily defective from the artistic point of view. Perhaps the best work the author has there are several, exhibiting marked excellence. The mest striking is Prince Leonticheff. At the first blush one is apt to think this monster of egotism and selfconceit a caricalure, an impossibility. But, curiously enough, there is historical evidence to the possibility of such a character, and we have the very man, so far as regards egotism, in the person of Cassiodorus, the cretary and prefect of Theodoric the Goth. Leonticheff never surpassed the letters written by thi fifth century statesman, who sets down his own excellencies when writing to his superiors as calmly, fully and ingenuously as though he were speaking of another man. It is true, we can recall no other parallel to Prince Leontiches, and even with this testimony to his possibility we must admit that he is a rare bird, and very like a black swan-as that really by no means uncommon fowl ap-peared to the ancients. Monica herself is a sufficiently difficult young woman, and we think it clear, despite her excuses, that she behaved badly to Julian North The denouement will remind Browingites of an episode n "Pippa Passes." It is indeed a by no means un matural one, given a finely strong soul; but North's ducl, reflects a sort of degradation upon the woman for whose sake he has passed through the gates of hell. The story, however, is distinguished by great power and a firm hand, and it shows that Mr. Harland has not yet reached the limit of his resources

Mr. Henry Harland's method in "Mea Culpa," is

"The Mammon of Unrighteousness," by Hialma Hjorth Boyesen, is a decidedly strong novel, though occupying a wider field than either of the tales previnoticed. It is the history of a cynical and low evelled soul, bent upon material success, despising all spiritual alms and aspirations, reinforced by an ab-normal virility and mental acuteness. As a foil to this distinctly unpleasant and repulsive here we have his distinctly impleasant and repusive and who, from the point of view of the average Mammon worshipper, comes to grief, though he marries the girl of his choice. Horace Larkin himself, indeed, meets his by association, conveys too much the impression of mere by association, conveys too much the impression of mere punishment in due course, after he has broken the heart of a woman who loves him, that he may be free to marry a "faultily faultiess and icily perfect" lenghter of a Knickerbocker millionaire; but after all his punishment is of a kind not likely to cause much anguish to a heart so hard as Horace Larkin's some of the best touches in the book, however, are eld Obed Larkin, who has endowed a university and does his best to ran it. The faculty of that university, it must be owned, comprised some very queer professors, and the institution itself scarcely produces history and deeds of Theodoric are dealt with at the impression of a seat of learning. It might rather length in his larger work. He has, however, so be taken as a Western district school raised to its highest power. But the picture is amusing, if on feels obliged to hope that it is not drawn from life, as for old Obel, it was needless for the author to disclaim in advance the sin of portrait-taking for him. Self-made men who worship their creator are, fortunately or unfortunately, as com-mon as blackberries in all English-speaking communities, and not a few of them seek and have sought to connect their memories in some sort with the higher life by founding schools and colleges and universities. Therefore Obed Larkin may be cheerfully accepted solely and simply as a type, and it is proper to add that notwithstanding his foibles and eccentricities, he is really not at all an unfavorable specimen of his class. There is plenty of movement in Mr. Boyesen's story, and it is carefully and weil written throughout. It may be objected to it that it points a moral, but it does not do this with offensive distinctness, and, more-over, the ineral is one which the world has, from time numemorial, ignored in action as placidly as it has

The second Series of "pastels," by M. Paul Bourcet, is a volume of admirably written short stories, wholly free from the objectionable features of the author's novels, and exhibiting the highest and subflest of French art in this kind of fiction. Every one of these novelettes is complete, and is a little masterpieco. It s difficult to conceive of better work in the line, and whalever may be said it is necessary to acknowledge that such short stories surpass anything hitherto pro-

ABBOTT VERSUS NEWMAN.

THE LATEST ECCLESIASTICAL SENSATION.

PHILOMYTHUS: AN ANTIDOTE AGAINST CREDU LITY. A disenssion of Cardinal Newman's cssa ecclesiastical miracles. By Edwin A. Abbott. and edition. 12mo, pp. 341. Macmilian & Co.

It was inevitable that a reaction should follow the vave of culogy which signalized Cardinal Newman's death, and the very enthusiasm of his disciples and followers precipitated this reaction by calling attention in a challenging spirit to his literary remains and their fitness for ethical and educational helps. The publication of his early letters and memoirs also tended in the same direction, by refreshing the public memory concerning the Tractarian movement, and perhaps especially by laying open a magazine of facts bearing upon the most vulnerable parts of the great Cardinal's character. For among these early letters were not a few which were in effect pointed examples and illustrations of a mode of reasoning on ethical and other questions so tortuous, super-subtle and ambiguous as to raise anew the gravest considerations in regard to the effect of such ratiocination upon teachings of a recognized leader of men. Carillal News, an, as will doubtless be remembered, is not the only distinguished modern who has been charged with a habit of speech and weiting which might, under conceivable circumstances, be qualifled as disffigenuous. Indeed, it has long been asserted that a whole theological system is based upon principles which, when applied to secular affairs (as they no doubt often are), receive harsh and denunciatory ap-pellatives. But the Cardinal's personal character was so exalted, so noble and so pure, that his sternest foes always shrank from imputing to him the logical imputa-

tions of their charges against his works. In the circumstances, however, it was to be expected that the effort made by some of his friends to convert his writings into a cult would rekindle the fire of con-What was scarcely to be expected was that the reaction against Newmanolatry would assume the form that has been stamped upon it by the publication of the very remarkable book of Dr. Abbott which is the subject of this review. It is not too much to say that a livelier polemic has seldom seen the light of late years. Informed by an almost flery zeal; characterized by the most uncompromising and direct statements; written with a force, cogency and compactness which greatly enhance the effect of its arguments; full of admirable, lucid and virile reasoning; builliant in illus tration and intrepld even to audacity in the following out of its chosen lines; it is yet so permeated by re sponsibility in speech, so insistent upon sobriety and incerity, that the reader, whatever his preposessions, is fascinated and held from the beginning to the end-To say that Dr. Abbott has written a clashing and smashing critique upon Newman's essay on ecclesias-tical miracles would, indeed, be quite true, but by no means all the truth. In this second edition (issued only a few weeks after the appearance of the first) a new preface of seventy-five pages (and a prface to be read, not skipped) replies trenchantly to the Newmanites, who f-ll upon the author fariously as soon as the book was out. Mr. R. H. Hutton, who wrote a life of Newman, some time since reviewed in The Tribune, appears to have been the principal aggressor, and is accordingly smitten hip and thigh. Dr. Abbott is, indeed, a formidable foe. When he strikes the blood is apt to follow, and he strikes hard and often.

"Phylomythus" is, as intimated, more than a discussion of Newman's essay on ecclesiastical miracles though it is a full and conclusive discussion of that question. But it really doals with the ethics of Newnan's theological writings, and it goes beyond that too. Dr. Abbott himself says, in his new preface: " My book is intended as an attack, not against Newman himself, but against the whole of that theological 'system of safety' which would pollute the intellect with the suggestion that it is 'safe' to say this, and 'unsafe' to say that, about alleged historical facts. In answer t some one who had reported a saying that Cardinal (then Sr.) Wiseman 'was an unscrupulous controversialist,' Newman replied (Letter II, 324): 'I dare say he is. But who is not?' How strange an avowal, dimost amounting to a condemnation! And yet, is it not true ! Is it not a fact-though a portentons factthat men are expected to argue with scrupulous honesty about Thucydides or Aristotle, but not about the facts of the Bible or the history of the Christian Church? My war, then, is not with Newman, but with the system which Newman in these words (perhaps unconsciously)

This extract will perhaps give the reader some faint idea of Dr. Abbott's aim, but it can give no notion of the spirit with which that aim is followed. An obvious objection to contraversies projected across the grave is met by the explicit statement that the author had never read Newman's essay on ecclesiastical miracles during the life of the Cardinal. Having read it he felt that it was necessary to say something in censure of it, and hence this volume, which incidentally touches also upon the "Grammar of Assent" and upon ome of the sermons.

To understand the full scope and bearing of Dr. Abbott's argument perhaps it would be well for the in-tending reader to turn first to the chapters and para-tending reader to turn first to the chapters and paraheads "Lubrication" and "Oscillation." The first is a term applied to the Cardinal's method of preparing his readers for the acceptance of a false conclusion. The second refers to his alleged practice of beating backward and forward, after the manner of a yacht in a head-wind, and thus by degrees approaching the point upon which his aim had been fixed from the start; naking small concessions to reason that he might the easier cuforce large exactions from credulity, and parading a specious show of fairness in order that he might the more surely impose unwarrantable concludons upon his victims. These methods, Dr. Abbott ontends, belong to a peculiar class of ecclesiastical rhetoric, and the art of assimilation, or drawing parallels, is of and among them. The inbricator, in this case at least, is supposed to have deceived himself; he is not charged with conscious deception. And the power of self-deception, thinks the Doctor, is "the most important qualification of all," for, "having deceived yourself, you the more perfectly and artistically deceive others. No artist, and therefore no lubricator, can be so truly artistic as when he entirely conceals his art, not only from others but even from himself, by being-for the time at least-unconscious of it-For the purpose of ecclesiastical rhietoric, a contempt for logic is perhaps essential; of the other qualifications, an artistic power of wordshading is good; a mind bent on a foregone conclusion is perhaps better; but a perfect power of self-deception is unquestionably the best of the three."

We cannot undertake to synopsize the argument of Dr. Albott on Newman's positions regarding Ecclesiastical Miracles, for the examination is minute and detailed, and will not bear abridgment or condensaion. His contention is that the Cardinal reasons disingenuously, illogically and sophistically about the whole question, and this he maintains by careful analysis of the essay in all its parts. As a critique it is an admirable piece of work, and we shall be considerably surprised if the consensus of intelligent opinion upon it is not to the effect that Newman's bludgeon-work. There is really nothing of that kind in Dr. Abbott's book. It is terribly in earnest. Of that the reader will be convinced by the first half-dozen pages. But the feeling which inspires it is not to be missaken for a moment. It is the righteous in-dignation of a man who believes that one's "yea" should be "yea," and his "nay," "nay " upon encountering a controversialist whose methods are such that it might almost be suspected he had no conscience. That, indeed, Dr. Abbott effectively charges—not pre-cisely against Newman—but against the system which he represented and applied. We do not feel clear that it was worth while, even for the sake of courtesy, to draw the distinction; for among the besetting sins of the age there is not one more insidious, more deadly, or more prevalent, than that studied inslucerity and casuistical duplicity against which Dr. Abbott has lifted his lance in this ringing charge. We are free to say that we have found the volume-stirring and blood warming and it may extend its circulation to hint that the arguments and censures of its gallant and plain-speaking author have intimate bearings upon other controversies than the one chiefly concerned and controversies which still echo in these United States.

A DEDICATION BY LORD TENNYSON From The Globe, London, June 26.

From The Globe, London, June 26.

This afternoon at Buckingham Palace Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein is presented with a diamond rescent and a set of Lord Tennyson's poems, subscribed for as a weating gift by the nurses of the United Kingdom. The seven indies who form the depatation, to be admitted by the Privy Purse door, include Miss Durham, lady superlatehedra of the convalescent home at Freshwater; Miss Plagott, matron of the Preston Royal Infirmary, and representatives from Ireland, scotland and the colonies. The volumes, which are of land made the colonies. The volumes, which are of land made the paper, were presented by the publishers. They are handsomely bound in veilum and bear the monogram of the Princess. It was felt that if the Poet Laureste could be induced to write some lines in the first volume it would give additional interest to the presentation, and Dr. G. W. Potter, acting editor of "The Hospital," sent down the volumes to Freshwater, and Lord Tennyson, who for the last two years has benefited much by the skilfful nursing of Miss Durham, readily compiled with the request. The inscription is to the effect that the volumes and crescent are given by the matron, sisters and nurses of the United Kingdom to the Princess Louise

of Schleswig-Holstein, on the occasion of her marriage with Prince Aribort, as a mark of the appreciation which they entertain for her tloyal mother, and of the grati-tude they feel for the interest she has always shown in their work. The inscription concluded with these lines

work. The inscription concludes
Take, lady, what your loyal nurses give,
Their foll "tool blees you" with this book of song;
And may the life which neart in heart you live
With him you love, be cloudless and be long.

(Tennyson.

LITERARY NOTES.

Oh, oh! What will the Tennysonian fanatics and the Browning societies do to Mr. Lewis Morris ? "Is there any reasonable person," asks this rash man, "who does not think that the present Laureate's fine powers are greater than could fairly be devoted with advan tage to the somewhat provincial Arthurian legends or that the wayward genius which brought itself down to an obscure Italian criminal process might not have been better employed ?" And then poor Master Morris adds: "I remember the dictum of 'Orion' Horne on this matter well. 'Sir,' he said, 'I should like to shut up Mr. A. and Mr. B. (naming two eminent writers of verse) in a tower, deprived of all means to write, until they had fixed upon a satisfactory subject, when they should be let out and set to work." There be those who have felt in years past that they would like to shut up Mr. Morris and Mr. Horne in a tower until they had promised not to write any more verse at all

A writer who has given us nothing for a long while has taken up her pen again. Bianche Willis Howard's new novel is coming out under the title of "A Battle and a Boy."

It is said of the late Sir Richard Burton that unlike many clever men, he was pleasant at home, always occupied and marvellously sweet-tempered His sister says that "the only time she ever saw him really angry during the years they spent together at Boulogne was when he found one of his nieces straying near the edge of the quay, which, in common with most places of the abroad, Jacked a railing. Then he was so brave when ill. Ilhe Sir Walter Scott, a favorite hero of his, he allowed no amount of pain to interfere with his work Even as a mere boy only next day was it known that he had suffered from toothache-by the swelling of his face. In fact he was too brave; for those around him, accustomed to less stolcal invalids, were sometimes deceived by such extraordinary fortitude. Mumps, raging neuralgia, and an internal inflammation severally attacked him at Boulogne. During the last he did incautiously remark one day, 'If this doesn't get better, before night I shall be an angel; and at once inexpressible consternation reigned around."

A woman's book has just been crowned by the French Academy; and has, moreover, received the Prix Montyon of 8300. This is Mile, Blaze de Bury's history of Anne Boleyn.

A "French Copyright Office" has been established in this city, under the auspices of Count E. de Keratry, and is prepared to furnish information to those who, under the new law, wish to reprint, translate, reproduce, dramatize or adapt French books. The office s said to represent the "Societe des Gens de Lettres," the "Societe des Auteurs, Editeurs et Compositeurs de Muslque" and others.

Why reason about the decline of poetry? Great poetry never declines; it is the poetry which is "good enough," "good art," "clever," of which we have had a surfeit. Mr. Brander Matthews holds that ora crical eloquence is drying up because with increasing wisdom the appeal to the emotions is less and less likely to succeed, and he adds: "Sometimes of late I have found myself wondering whether poetry is now moving forward to the fate of oratory. The circumcances are different, no doubt, and the conditions which produced the decline of eloquence have not as yet revealed themselves in the realm of poesy." No, not ver will while human imagination and emotion exist But it is quite within the bounds of possibility that the merely "good enough" poetry with which we are delighted at present will in the future find neither publishers nor readers. There are many signs that people are getting tired of those who "by long practice can pack exactly two platitudes and a quarter into the compass of a sonnet," or compress an inane giggle into the lines of a triolet.

Professor C. C. Everett, of Harvard, has written & volume of "Ethics for Young People," which is to be used as a text-book, to aid in the formation of character and to teach duty to one's self and one's neighbor

It is noted that Ouida's works are translated into French as fast as they are written, which is perhaps not saying much for either Ouida or for her trans lators and readers.

The writings of the late Count Helmuth von Moltke will be published as soon as possible. The official title of the publication is to be "The Collected Writings Moltke." The first volume is already in the hand of the printer. Many of Moltke's most important works are in the possession of the General Staff, and will not be made public.

" PUNCH'S" JUBILEE.

"PUNCH'S" JUBILEE.

From The London Times, June 25.

The jubilee volume of everybody's friend, Mr. Punch, was completed with the number which appeared yesterday. Our excellent contemporary came into existence in the summer of 1841, and during the half-century that has since clapach has deservedly conquered a high place in the affectionate regard of Englishmen. In its early days "Punch" commanded the services of some of the most brilliant wits and trenchant satirists of the time. Thereforay Tom Hood, Jerrold, A'Riechett, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor are among the names associated with this characteristic development of the humorous side of English life. The Laureate himself contributed some stinging verses, which showed that he possessed powers of indignant sarcasm he rarely disclosed when he wrote under his own name. To these men, and to the present editor, Mr. Burnand, it is due that "Punch," originating in days when caricature and satire were still too much tainted with coarseness, founded a tradition of purity which has ever since been faithfully maintained. The result is that "Punch" is one of the few comit newspapers which is always fitted for family reading. It has been sometimes objected to that it is efficient in the high-flavored merrament of French journals in which the sel gaulois prevails or in the broad jests of our German cousins. But the superiority of "Panch" to "Charlyari" or "Kladderadatson" in point of good taste and moral tone is not to be contested. It may be added that "Punch" in its influence on public affairs has generally been particule and high-minded. Perhaps, however, in spite of the distinguished names we have cited, the reputation of "Punch" rests rather on its artistic than on its Ilterary merits. No similar publication has during fifty years maintained so high a standard of artists excellence. Richard Doyle, John Lesch and Charles Keene, among those that have passed away, nave loft behind them in the hundred volumes of "Punch" an extraordinacy quantity of powerful work, From The London Times, June 25.

SOUVENIN SPOOMS.

From The Boston Courier. A friend of mine—poor callow youth!— Was married yesternight; And I went to the obscupies And watched the mournful rite.

And strolling around with gloomy thought— For he had been my friend— I came upon the wedding gifts Kind friends had thought to send.

Upon a table they were laid, All clustered in a ring; Full seven dozen souvenir spoons— And not another thing.

There were Boston, Lynn and Salem spoons, And spoons of squantumville, And spoons from squedunk and Cohoes, Smar's Patch and Jones's Mill.

And souvenirs of George Washington, And Noah and the ark, And Eve, and Grover Cleveland, too, And Moses in the dark.

And I wept a wet and liquid tear, And I said within my heart:
"What could a marriage do but fail,
With such a dismal start?"

For much I doubt, as married life Wears off its gloss with years, That the thought of spoons such pleasure gives As to warrant souvenirs.

DAYS OF DREAM. Roses, roses, everywhere!
Bare and burntshed sky;
Lovely languors in the air—
That's July.

Cherries tepid in the sun,
Slow bees droning by:
All rich perfumes merged in one—
That's July.

Golden glamour, gauzy steam t Hearts that ask not why All is sweet and all a dream— That's July

LETTERS IN CHICAGO.

EVIDENCES OF A NOBLE LITERARY TASTE. Eugene Field in The Chicago News.

Eugene Field in The Chicago News.

As a producer of literature Chicago long ago took her place among the nations of the world. Contemporaneous civilizations, hitherto slow to recognize her pre-eminent worth, and envious, perhaps, of her sudden and brilliant development, are at last compelled to acknowledge that the position she has achieved is indeed a companding one. Chicago has always been imbued with a true literary instinct; but as the tender sapling must needs be inclined, and as the little flower must speeds be unclined, and as human genius itself must feeds be cherished and summan genius itself must feeds be cherished and schooled, in order to insure the shade, the fragrance and the accomplishment which lie within the limits of possibility, so has it been necessary that Chicago, gifted beyond the ordinary, should undergo a season of discipline before blossoming out into that cylenderstats in which we now find her. This season of probation has been a long and tedious one, and we rejoice that it is ended.

A notable literary taste has been diffused among one

rejoice that it is ended.

A notable literary taste has been diffused among our people. We have had learned and graceful work from the pens of such pioneer authors as Head, Brated, Poole, Mathews, Kirkland, Browne, McGoven, Read, Freberger and others; the example afford by these vigorous and gifted precursors, avanteoureurs and prodromos, no less than their factuating writings themselves, has engendered in the bosoms of the multitude an ambition toward expoits in the realmon of literary composition—an ambition most praiseworthy in its sincerity, ingenuity, earnestness and steadfastness.

"How shall we set about the endeavors to which

praiseworthy in his sincerity, ingenuity, earnestness and steadfastness.

"How shall we set about the endeavors to which we are inclined!" is the question that has been asked over and over again. This Macedonian cry has featly (we rejoice to see) been answered by the appearance of a volume entitled "The Complete Chicase Letter-Writer, with a Glossary," an essay calculated and likely to cultivate a pure and beautiful literay sylin the midst of ps. so that even as he who runs may read, so also he who hustles may write—are, in good sooth, and write ornately and persuasively. When one achieves a correct episiolary style he has mastered the most difficult part of the literary art. There is none that will deny this. Indeed, we all know that the most charming literature that has survived the wreat of years comes to us in the letters of the ancient-those of Pilny, of sempronious, of Horace, of Thiresias, of Chesterileid and of st. Paul. A careful study of the "Complete Letter-Writer, with a Glossary," just "Spawned in the midst of us, is certain to raise up in Chicago a host of litterateurs whose performances will put to the blush all previous undertakings and all anterior undertakers. anterior undertakers

put to the blush all previous undertakings and all anterior undertakers.

Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co., the well-known perpetrators of railway and township maps, are the publishers of these interesting and valuable books, which are now for sale at every shop and nows-stand it. Cook County. The authors of the work are six in number, three having done the first part, and three the second. The wirk itself treats first of letters of sentiment, and this delicate part has been most skilfally performed by Messrs. J. M. Sweaty and P. Tomitos Baggs, and Ms. Niobe sears, the famous West Side poetess. Part II is the result of the united efforts of Messrs. A. J. Shucks, W. M. Bigosh and Lyman Fogg, representing respectively our Board of Trade, our packing house interests and our real-estate market, while the whole noble scheme has been supervised by Professor G. Chancer Honeybras, A. M., D. V., emeritas professor of ching, raphy and cliropody in the South Chicago Classical and Veterinary Institute. Most conscientiously and fully has this corps of savants wrought; the result of their labors will stand forever as a monument to their genits and as a beacon light to all furers upon the tempestators main of literature, dispelling the mists of ignorance and inviting with its benign courseations the weary manner into the reposeful haven of Literary Superexcellence.

In order that those who have not yet possessed them.

excellence.

In order that those who have not yet possessed themselves of copies of this remarkable work may share our just enthusiasm over the extraordinary merits thereof, we present herewith a flumber of specimen letters taken from the book in question. The first extract is a letter from a young man to a young lady, declaring his passion and asking her hand in marriage.

is passion and asking her hand in marriage.

"Miss Ethel: Ever since I met you at the Lake View tennis court day before yesterday I have been a prey to the most pleasing torments. You are ever present in my thoughts. I could not, even though I were so disposed, eradicate your image from my heart. Ethel. I love you, I love you not with the insight and mawkitsh passion of a mere boy, but with the insight and mawkitsh passion of a mere boy, but with the mighty, all-absorbing and all-controlling love of a mature and experienced man of twenty-two. Tell me, idol of my soul, will you share with me the bilss with which matrimonial companionship with you would surely invest my life! Ransom this bleeding heart of mins from these exquisite tortures by bidding me hope that in due time I may acquire an option on your maidenly affections, and believe me ever, beloved Ethel, your obedient and grovelling admirer. RALPH BUSBY."

An answer to the above, intimating a favorable disposition to the young man:

"Sir: I cannot deny that the perusal of your note has engendered within my bosom pleasurable emotions. But a girl must watch out and go slow in a business of this kind. It is true that we have known one another for the considerable period of two days, but, alas, sir, a woman's nature cannot be read even in that space of time. I cannot analyze my sentiments toward you, and—pardon me if I wound your sensibilities—I distrust your sentiments toward me. As the hours and days roll on will not your feelings change! Will you not weary of the love you now profess? Oh, sir, do not trife with my virgin heart. Remember what a

and days roll on will not your feelings change! Will you not weary of the love you now profess! Oh, sir, do not trifie with my virgin hear! Remember what a precious thing it is you are dealing with and asking for.

"A flower, transplanted from above, Within the female bosom lies; Once touched of unrequited love, It withers, wrinkles up and dies; But sheltered from the cruel blizzard, It thrives and blooms from A to Izzard, —(Worlfworth.

"I fear I have all too plainly betrayed my emotions, yet what I have said goes. I shall live ages till I see you at the Thomas concert to-night; meanwhile I return your salutations with accrued interest.

"ETHEL."

A letter discouraging the advances of a lover:

"Sir: I never tumbled to your racket until I got
your note to-day. Never suspected you meant bir.
Am awful sorry to have misled you, but, honestly,
you're not in it this time. Mr. McGlory has got the
call on you; he cornered me last June and Pm out of
sight. Let me be a sister to you, for more than a sister I can never be. Truly yours.

"ETHEL BABCOCK."

To a father touching an affair du coeur:

"Respected Sir: My attentions to your daughter Mabel for the last two or three days must have convinced you that I am not wholly insensible to the charms of that best, purest and brightest of the feminine sex. Sir, I am wildly enamored of the same; naught but the dew of death can quench the flume which her beauty has kindled in my breast. I address you these lines to crave your permission to continue these addresses, which may eventually transport to Elysium your obedient, duting and humble servant,

An answer to the above, calling for a bill of particulars:

tenlars:
"Dr Sir: Yours reed, and contents noted. Would suggest that, before proceeding further with this deal, you send me an inventory of what you've got in stock. Suppose you get Mabel; how are you going to keep her before the process of the p "Dr Sir: Yours reed and contents noted. Would suggest that, before proceeding further with this deal, you send me an inventory of what you've got in stock. Suppose you get Mabel; how are you going to keep her going? I am not going to run a home for the indigent, although if the wheat market continues active I may be able to do the handsome thing by the girl when she jumps the bromstick. Excuse my candor, but I guess you'll have to put up or shut up. Yrstruly,

An answer to the fewering, conveying specific in-

An answer to the foregoing, conveying specific information:

"Honored Sir: Although I revolt at what might be construed as a bargain, I hasten to answer your friendly letter, and beg to say that, if certain business deals I have entered into result as I hope and expect. I shall be able to maintain a wife in comfort, if not in elegance. I have one-fifth interest in ticket No. 16,204 of the Louisiana lottery, three tickets in the rafile for Paul Hull's hand-painted fish service, and a thirty-day option on 2,000 bushels of spring wheat. Furthermore, a wealthy madden aunt living at Lynn, Mass., has been suffering with a tumor for many years and cannot hold out much longer. My salary is \$12 per week, and I generally manage to pull out from \$20 to \$300 a week more for night work when luck comes my way. So, you see, I am a fair representative of the young men of Chicago. I am not rich, it is true, but my crop is full of sand and you can bet your sweet life that sooner or later I shall get there with both feet. I'm a thoroughbred from way back, and don't you forget it. Very respectfully yours.

A letter of friendly advice to a young man: An answer to the foregoing, conveying specific in-

A letter of friendly advice to a young man:

"Dear Egbert: My daughter, Camelia, apprises
me that your visits have become irisome and that your
importunities make her very tired. In answer, there
fore, to a crying demand, I have purchased an eightypound bull-terrier and one pair of those famous Scotchsole, foot-form shoes, size 13. Sinceivy yours,
A. J. WARTMOLE.

From a lady to her flance, complaining of his con-

From a lady to her hance, companing of his coaduct:

"William: It is with pain that I pen these lines, yet to the task I am impelled by a sense of duty. What is this racket you are giving me about Jule Grissom! Maybe you think I am not on to your little game. It doesn't take me long to catch on when a fellow listringing me. If you don't shake Jule I shall shake you—so there you have it, cold and flat. The heart-broken

you—so there you have it, cold and hat. The heavebroken

An answer to the above, protesting impoceases:

"Dearest Birdie: This deal you're giving me about Jule Grissom knocks me silly. You're off your base. I never had any truck with Jule and I ain't going to have any. I wouldn't play it on you so low down as all that. No, dearest, I have never done you dirt and I never shall. Somebody has been giving you a lot of east wind. If it is Bill Joslyn I'll mop the earth with him. Bill must keep off the grass or I'll do him. Do not, I beseeth you, yield yourself a prey to kee leadousles. Brace up and have some style about you. I'll drop arofind to hight and take you out for a bugst ride, and we'll go to the dog show on the way home. With billions of kisses and oceans of love, ever your fond.

From a father to a father, conveying useful informa-From a father to a father, conveying useful information:

"Dear Sir: Our long and agreeable association in numerous business transactions justifies me. I think, in addressing you upon a most delicate matter. A Mr. Henry B. Olcut is, I hear, paying attentions to your daughter Maudie. I hear paying attentions to your daughter Maudie. I have my suspicions that he is unworthy of confidence. My two daughters, Cleopatra and Irene, are preparing to enter suit against him for broach of promise of marrings, and I am to M that the Governor of New Jersey has issued a requisition for his arrost upon the charge of bigamy. It is only the severest sense of duty that impels me to warm you to be on your guard. I assure you that I harbor no personal enmity toward the young man, although he has never redeemed the worthless check for \$20 which I cashed for him last February, and has never returned the umbrella which he borrowed of me the same day. Truly yours.

Polite form of an invitation to a literary source:

"Mr. and Mrs. Colonel A. B. Higgins request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Boggs at a salon in their drawing rooms next Thursday evening at 8 p. m. On this occasion Mr. Augustus C. Pamby, the poet, will read from the advance sheets of his new epic, entitled The Widowed Bride of Goose Island, and Professor Hollowpaunch will speak hisely of 'The Relations of Homeric Philosophy to Chicago Development.' Must by the Mandelin Quartet and stereoption views of the professor world's Fair.*